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THE MOUNTAINS' SECRET.

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I think me that God with an earthquake
Once ploughed these furrows deep,
Till the huddled plains, upstarted,
Made mountains dragged and steep.

But that is the mountains' secret,
Age-hidden in their breast;
"His peace is everlasting"
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunts of beauty,
He hath given them grandeur and grace;
The glory of morning crowns them,
The sunset lights their face.

The thunders tread in music
Of fearfully echoing long,
And merry majestic greeting
To all the silent throng.

The wind brings messages to them,
Wild storm-news from the main;
They sing it 'ver to the valleys
In the love-song of the rain.

They are nurseries for young rivers,
Nests for the flying clouds,
Homes for the unborn races,
Masterful, free and proud.

And the people from tired cities
Come up to their shrines and pray;
For peace is the one word written
On the brow of the monarchs gray.

Can it be I have caught their secret,
The beauty deeper than all
Is it this? That life's dark moments,
When the rumbling echoes fall,

Are but God as he ploughs new mountains—
Deep mountains that yet may be
The sources of peace unbroken,
And rest for you and me.

THE PARISIAN SENSATION!

THE BLONDE SIREN:

OR, ADULTEROUS DRAMA.

BY XAVIER DE MONTEPIN.

Translated from the original in "Le Figaro" of Paris FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY PAUL PRESTON, Author of "Wild Bill," "The Black Band," "The Pride of the Arena," etc.

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PART FIRST—MARGUERITE'S HUSBAND.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Nicholas Bouchard, preceding Paul and the upholsterer, caused them to traverse a vestibule where complete figures in mail, of very doubtful antiquity, but of exact imitation, enacted the part of men-at-arms, the visors of their helmets open and their iron-gauntleted hands loaning on uniformed handles of heavy, two-handed swords. Beyond the vestibule were reached two doors, one wainscoted in black oak, the other hung in Flemish tapestry, the both supplied, as they have learned before, by Lebel-Girard with the allure of a mediæval fashion, conferring upon the rare credit. Everywhere the light penetrated through small panes of colored glass, richly diamonded. The interference of the imperial senator in heraldic matters having ceased, the archway and drawbridge were crossed by arms of the Montmorencies cut an amazing size amid escutcheons upon luminous fields.

Finally the three men arrived at the banquet-chamber. This apartment, hung in imitation Cordova leather, proudly displayed side-boards, coffers, and high-backed chairs, fabricated in the style of the Renaissance, artistic trifles of Lebel-Girard's genius. Handsome silverware, massive and of sterling metal, shown in cupboards of carved black wood, while heavy curtains of magnificent brocalette draped the windows, gleaming, like those of the preceding halls, with heraldically decorated stained glass. Candelabra of yellow copper, in the antique style of Flanders, hung suspended from a central point of a ceiling moulded in compartments. In fact, the ensemble of all these decorations was both effective and picturesque, and an artist would have admired this restoration of a glorious period as complete and successful, preserving the work of an architect of rare merit and of an upholsterer of transcendent mechanical ability. A square table with curved legs, covered by a red and black cloth, embroidered in gold, supported vast silver coolers, wherein were placed iced drinks of an endless variety.

"Well, Count," inquired Nicholas Bouchard, "the compounding liquid refreshment for his visitor into large tulip-shaped glasses, "what think you of the internal furnishings of my pretty den?"

"I am in ecstacies with them," replied Paul. "Not only do I remark prodigality in magnificence, but also evidence of pure and exquisite taste. I am habituated to things of beauty, but I nevertheless charmed. Receive my sincere congratulations."

Nicholas Bouchard drew his head visibly upward, which, however, did not prevent him from replying, with an assumption of false modesty, that his guest evidently prepared and committed flattery.

"Oh, by heavens!" quoth he, "it is handsome, not dingy. Still, what are these gewgaws in a beauty framing compared with the truly imposing splendors in whose midst our forefathers lived! Everything was within reach of those halls! Everything is within ours to-day, for we are dwarfs! I do not allude to you, for, be it well understood," he hastened to add, opening and closing a parenthesis.

"Speak for me the same as for others, my host," explained Paul, with a frank outburst of merriment. "I would suffocate, believe me, beneath the cuirass of one of your men-at-arms in the vestibule, and it is doubtful whether I have strength enough to lift his sword. Now, you see that I likewise am a dwarf!"

Nicholas Bouchard bowed.

"So modest, Count!" he muttered. "Nevertheless, modesty is the inheritance of true merit."

Then he resumed the thread of his little imposition, laboriously prepared:

"I love to surround myself with relics of a past no longer in existence," he said, designating with a pathetic gesture the furniture emanating from Lebel-Girard's manufactory. "I love to live in the midst of glorious reminiscences of a great race, of which I am a descendant, very degenerated, perhaps. Issue of a family impoverished by successive misfortunes, which impoverishment even condemned me to industry, I demanded from work, of which I blush not, far from being abashed, means wherewith to establish that branch, and gold wherewith to decorate my tarnished escutcheon. Following the example of more than one gentleman of ancient nobility, in place of girding on the sword of my fathers and selecting from my family a grade which perchance she would not have granted me—for who knows but that an ancestress was famous for conquering a Marshal of France's baton might have presented itself?—I entered ardently into trade. An ungrateful trade it was!—that of cork-making. My ancestors should have applauded me while I thus created, for, underneath vulgar means, they could perceive the nobility of my aim, which was many years to attain. At last a fortune reached. To-day I am rich, very rich, and I have the pleasure of spending my last years in the life of a gentleman! Do you approve of it, Count?"

"Certainly," exclaimed Paul, with a superb affectation; "and all these marvels surrounding me appear to me the more worthy of admiration, now that I know the cause of their acquisition."

Nicholas Bouchard, veritably touched, seized the two hands of De Nancey, and pressed them within his own with redoubled enthusiasm.

"Count," he said after a pause, "you are full of marvels, and you know not as yet the most beautiful, the most charming—rather, the most charming thing—of all here."

"Ah?" inquired Paul in curiosity.

"My daughter," replied the worthy man.

"Yes, I already know that Mademoiselle Marie is an accomplished lady," replied the host, and I solicit, my dear host, the precious favor of presentation to her as soon as possible."

"Whenever you please, Count."

"Very well, instant, then."

And so, Marguerite is certainly in her little pavilion, where she passes her afternoons painting or in music—for the dear girl draws and sings like an angel. Ah! her education has cost me a large sum, but I do not regret the money. I tell you, for the little darling has repaid me amazingly from it. Do you wish that I should send one of my footmen to order Marguerite's first waiting-maid to go in search of her mistress, or do you prefer that we go seek her ourselves?"

"Sir, above all things, not to cause Mademoiselle Marguerite any inconvenience, and I beg of you to conduct us into her presence."

"Come," said Nicholas Bouchard, arising; "we will take the avenue of the Lindens, to have shade, and at the same time to visit a portion of my modest park. It is not as large as those of my ancestors, still one can be lost in it all the same."

And the two visitors, guided anew by their host, resumed, across the halls, the way to the vestibule.

CHAPTER VIII.—MARGUERITE.

One of the counterfeit men-at-arms performing in the vestibule their motionless and silent guard-duty bore upon the handle of his gigantic sword a large panama.

"Permit me?" said the master of the house, taking down his hat, a half metre in breadth when outspread; and, placing it upon his head, he produced a most singular effect in connection with his dress of ceremony.

By winding pathways, well sanded and bordered by flowers, Nicholas and his guests gained a dark avenue, which a double row of lindens protected against oblique rays of the sun. This avenue led to a rustic pavilion, constructed in uncleft wood, whose thatched roof spread out in all directions, like the furred cap of an ancient Russian. Proportionately as was approached this pavilion, whose door stood ajar, could be heard escaping a vague and floating melody, at each step growing more distinct. It was the notes of a piano, accompanying a young female voice. This voice, of moderate compass, still pure and sympathetic, very exact, and managed with perfect taste, executed an ancient pathetic air, borrowed from a collection of popular French provincial songs recently issued by an intelligent publisher. De Nancey, walking in advance, stopped, and by a sign requested his companions to imitate his example.

"What are you doing, Count?" inquired in a low tone Nicholas Bouchard.

"I am listening," responded Paul.

"Do you like music?"

"Yes, enthusiastically."

"Let us remain here as long as you please, but I am really annoyed that Marguerite has the ridiculous fancy to hum an old street-ballad with no significance, instead of singing one of those beautiful airs of the Grand Opera which she has at her fingers'-ends, and plays much better than her professor. There is particularly a gem from 'Lucie de la Mere Morte,' which never fails to draw tears from my eyes."

"Ah!" rejoined Paul, with a smile, "how I admire that artless singing! What a sweet and rustic savor! what originality! what sentiment!"

"Tastes are personal," murmured the cork-maker, much surprised. "But certainly the Count should be a better judge than I."

The young girl terminated her air, which died out gently, as if in a sigh.

"I could clap hands, and it would be justice," said Paul; "still I dare not. It is sufficient impertinence to have steathily listened to celestial notes human ears are unfit to hear."

"Marguerite!" shouted Nicholas Bouchard.

"Papa?" replied the young girl from the interior of the pavilion.

"Come hither, my child. You have warbled like a linnet for an audience desiring to applaud you."

Marguerite shortly appeared upon the threshold of her rustic retreat, and perceiving, in fact, her father not to be alone, blushed to the roots of her hair. She nevertheless advanced, timid and disconcerted, still graceful amid her embarrassment.

"My child," quoth the ex-cork-manufacturer with a ludicrous solemnity, "I introduce to you the Count of Nancey, who has honored us with his presence at dinner. Count, Mademoiselle Marguerite, my daughter—my only daughter—my dearest treasure."

The heiress of Nicholas Bouchard made a boarding-school miss' curtsey. Paul bowed lowly, saying:

"Permit me to thank you, mademoiselle, for the vivid pleasure your song, and your voice particularly, procured for me."

Lebel-Girard leaned over towards the young nobleman and whispered into his ear:

"What a pretty little Countess she would make? Eh, Count?"

Paul responded quickly by a gesture whose affirmative meaning was by no means dubious.

At the commencement of the preceding chapter we sketched outlines of Nicholas Bouchard's portrait. Such was he at the period of his introduction to our readers, and such had he ever been—that is to say, personally ugly and mentally grotesque. His wife, deceased some fourteen years, had battled victoriously despite ugliness and ridicule. How these two people, married late in life, could in their old age have given to the world this exquisite creature, seemingly born with the exalted gifts of a genius and of a fairy, is next to incomprehensible. Nature boasts mysteries inconceivable to human science. After being a fascinating child, Marguerite developed into an adorable woman. The graceful face, crowned by an opulent and silken head of dark chestnut hair, her delicate, rose-tinted complexion, her large, lustrous blue eyes, her dainty mouth, her form of faultless proportions, her tapering hands, her small, narrow and arched feet—everything about her presented that natural distinctiveness not to be disavowed by the proudest descendants of earliest Christian barons, and that inimitable stamp which we style *race*, and which cannot be found ordinarily in equal perfection save among patrician families conserving for centuries the *blue* blood of the old caste uncontaminated from admixture with the reputedly less pure blood of the middle and popular classes. Marguerite possessed not only beauty and distinctiveness, but seductive charms and gracefulness invincibly attractive. Not that she was a coquette, as she was ignorant of coquetry's existence and of the power of her own beauty; but her glance possessed the gift of disturbing souls as the half-veiled eyes of Mademoiselle Lizely possessed that of agitating the senses. Encircling her brow floated a species of mysterious halo, a perceptible aureola of virgin bashfulness. Her countenance, her attitude, her movements, expressed absolute candor, chastity of thought and immaculate purity of soul. In her presence the most unscrupulous Lovelace would have succumbed.

This impression was instantly, or, to explain more clearly, spontaneously generated within the mind of De Nancey. He forgot at once the whims and millions of Nicholas Bouchard. He forgot that his creditors and that a desire to handle a heavy dower, more than that of discovering a female companion worthy of inspiring love and capable of extorting a return, induced his pilgrimage to Montmorency. He no longer remembered that he belonged to a skeptical clan of fast men, used up as regards sensations of mind and matter, bronzed amid the fires of the Parisian hells, whose only God was Mammon.

"Were I richer than Cræsus," he said to himself, "and she the poorest of mendicants, begging at street-corners, I will marry her."

The resolution in this wise formed likewise gleamed from the young noble's eyes in a style so manifest that Lebel-Girard, a tradesman of experience, and very far-seeing, moreover, when his interests were at stake, trembled with restrained joy.

"Everything goes well," thought the worthy Municipal Councilman. "Marguerite's eyes have produced their effect. The girl will be Countess, and we shall be paid."

While Lebel-Girard rubbed his hands, Nicholas Bouchard exclaimed:

"Everything in fine trim! Presentations made and perfected. It is now four o'clock. We dine at six. I propose a turn in the park, and then a game of billiards—that is, provided it be agreeable to the Count."

Paul replied that any proposition so graciously made by his host could not fail in proving acceptable to him, especially the stroll through the park, should Mademoiselle Marguerite do him the honor of accepting his arm. Thus speaking, De Nancey approached the young lady, who, blushing and almost hesitating, consulted her father through her eyes, and finished through timidly poising her graceful fingers upon her cavalier's sleeve, which they scarcely grazed. Nicholas Bouchard, overjoyed, laughed outright, and, nudging Lebel-Girard with his elbow, exclaimed:

"Look at them now! Will they not really make the handsomest couple ever seen? Let's in advance, my chum; the young folks will follow, and, if they stop to gather flowers by the wayside, they will know where to find us."

And the retired corkmaker drew Lebel-Girard to a distance, desirous of extemporizing an innocent tete-a-tete for De Nancey and his prospective Countess. Paul followed slowly in silence, his eyes riveted upon the adorable maiden walking at his side and seemingly dreading to lean upon him. Marguerite wore a pale rose-colored muslin dress, whose shape chastily outlined her elegant form, although as yet undeveloped thoroughly. Her wide sleeves exposed the delicate formation of her wrists and the exquisite fall of her shoulders. Emerging unexpectedly from the pavilion, she had no other head-gear save her brown locks, negligently clustered, whose semi-disorder revealed their entire wealth. A faint and delicate perfume arose from this sixteen-year-old head of hair, and Paul rapturously inhaled the odor waited to him.

De Nancey remembered that upon the day before, almost at the same hour, he had promenaded the avenues of the little park at Ville d'Avray, having upon his arm another woman, no less charming than Marguerite, but charming after a totally different fashion. Howsoever dissimilar, equally was the impression made manifest. A voluptuous atmosphere, an irresistible, amorous electricity emanated from Blanche Lizely. Her approach created an intoxication like unto that experienced through long respiration of a heady perfume. The singular and vertiginous charm of that blonde syren had inebriated Paul, and caused to flow through his veins an inflamed blood. In Marguerite's presence, on the contrary, he submitted to a charm of vestal chastity, calm, refreshing, and in a measure purified. Nothing gross or sensual commingled with the feeling attracting him towards her. For the first time in his life he enjoyed the heavenly poetry of chaste love, against which he had so often railed. Blanche Lizely could be the most desirable of mistresses. Marguerite would be, beyond a doubt, the most accomplished of wives—devoted and faithful until death.

De Nancey meditated over these things in silence so prolonged that the young girl commenced to wonder at his abstraction. He comprehended, and, seizing the first pretext for conversation, discoursed music to Marguerite in connection with the ancient air she had sung in the pavilion some minutes previously. Paul was an excellent conversationalist, having that ready and Parisian tact, the result of commingling in society, picking up a little everywhere—in the saloons, the studios and the theatres. He found topics ready-made — the question was simply where to place them for the best. Marguerite, having listened to none save her teachers and some of her father's friends—Lebel-Girard incontestably the best among them—was, in the first instance, dazzled and rendered almost mute through excess of timidity; still she gradually recovered, and finished through demonstrating to her interlocutor the possession of a judgment as correct as her voice, and of an intelligence rivaling her beauty.

While conversing, the young folks made at times slight stoppages in their walk. Marguerite profited by these halts to gather roses. She made a bouquet, placing it in the belt of her dress.

"Mademoiselle," quoth Paul suddenly, in an affected tone of voice, "permit me to solicit a favor?"

Marguerite glanced upon him in astonishment, repeating:

"A favor?"

"Can you not divine what one?"

"No, in truth, sir."

"Well, I desire to obtain one of your flowers."

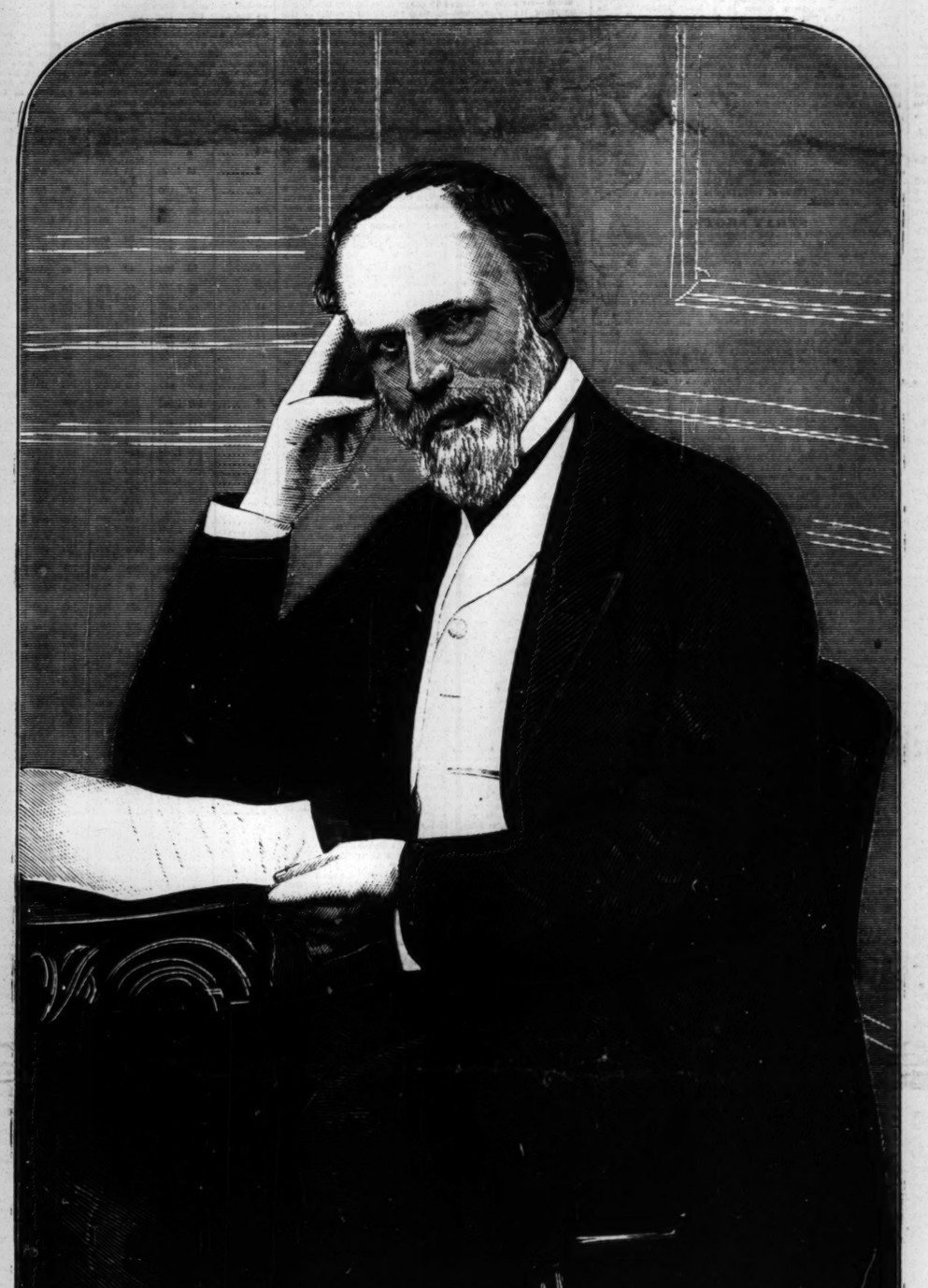
"That is very easy."

Marguerite leaned towards a bush laden with moss-roses, and set about detaching one from its stem. Paul stopped her.

"You have misunderstood," said he. "The flower I covet is one from your bouquet."

"Why?" inquired the young girl, with charming candor. "Those on the bush are more beautiful."

"Perhaps; still you have not worn them."



"DR" G. R. SPALDING, CIRCUS PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

Marguerite inquired no more. A fresh rush of blood empurpled her face, and, she knew not why, her heart beat as it had never beaten before.

"Do you refuse me that flower?" continued Paul.

No; Marguerite refused not.

Slowly she detached one of the roses from her bouquet, and, with a trembling hand, tendered it.

"Thanks!" he stammered—"oh, thanks!"

And before placing it in his button-hole he pressed it to his lips.

"Bravo!" exclaimed a joyous voice—"bravo! Count! Gallantry has revived! Behold the traditions of the ancient French nobility. Richelieu personified!"

Nicholas Bouchard, who thus spoke, rubbed his hands with indescribable satisfaction. He and Lebel-Girard, softly retracing their steps, had found themselves separated from the young people merely by a mass of lilacs, and they had witnessed, unseen, the graceful little scene we have depicted, and it appeared to them, by good right, a happy augury for the marriage both had at heart.

Marguerite, much affected, threw herself into her father's arms. Nicholas Bouchard embraced her enthusiastically, saying with pride:

"It is a Countess I embrace!"

The young girl experienced a profound trouble, for which she could not account, for she was in ignorance of its cause; still it appeared to her delicious. By a species of instructive shams she did not reproach Paul, and, seizing her father's hand, led him in the direction of the house.

"Eh, Count," said Lebel-Girard in a semitone, "what think you of our little friend? Have I spoken too highly of her?"

"You have not spoken sufficiently," responded Paul, with enthusiasm. "She is an angel—an actual angel! She hides her wings, but I am sure she has them. I am an idiot! Still she must need to love me! Believe you that she can ever love me?"

"She will love you, I will answer for that. She loves you already without being aware of it. Did you not comprehend her manner of presenting the rose?" replied the upholsterer, with a smile, and laying emphasis on his last word.

"Then to you I owe my happiness!"

"And, fortunately for me, you owe me more," thought Lebel-Girard. "Since it is thus, make your declaration," he added aloud.

"So soon?" muttered Paul.

"It is never too soon to close a good bargain! Moreover, what do you risk? His consent is a foregone conclusion, as the affair is prearranged. Desire you an immediate tete-a-tete with Nicholas? I will take care of Marguerite."

Paul reflected an instant.

"No," he said finally; "not immediately."

"When, then?"

"This evening—after dinner."

"Be it so. But no absurd timidity! Declare yourself before leaving, and carry with you Bouchard's promise."

Friend Bouchard awaited his guests in the billiard-room, the only apartment in the miniature castle wherein, thanks to the importunities of architect and of upholsterers, concessions had been made to modern tastes, and the furniture of the middle ages and the Renaissance was replaced by contemporaneous utensils.

The game commenced, and in Marguerite's presence, she having received from her father the important mission of marking up the points. That presence, however, caused Paul such distraction that, although a more than ordinary player, he was easily beaten by Nicholas Bouchard, whose repeated victories fairly turned his head.

At six o'clock precisely a *maitre d'hotel* in state uniform, followed by two footmen with superb calves, pompously announced that dinner was upon the table. Paul gave his arm to Marguerite, and they passed into the dining-hall, where, as may be imagined, the young folks found themselves placed side by side.

As Lebel-Girard had observed to De Nancey, the cook of the eccentric descendant of the Montmorencies proved a veritable *cordon bleu*, while his cellar contained an imposing collection of celebrated wines, whose titles and parchments could be better authenticated than those of the master of the house. The dinner was exquisite—slightly too much moistened, perchance, by Nicholas Bouchard, who, in the ecstacy of joy and aristocratic aspirations, placed little restraint upon himself and his cups, recited his armorial history and related family anecdotes of dubious accuracy, while proposing significant toasts as to the union of the ancient escutcheons and the noble names of French history. In fine, the worthy man was unendurable; but the Count paid little heed to him beyond giving adroit replies when necessity demanded, as he was wholly absorbed in a particular conversation with Marguerite. The young girl, instinctively at her ease, betrayed her expansive inquisitiveness, while revealing the treasures of an upright soul and candid nature. As the second course was served, Nicholas Bouchard arose unexpectedly and addressed his guests with comic solemnity.

"My good friends," quoth he, "your courteous attention! Our ancestors surpassed us; let us resuscitate some of their good old customs. Hertofore, at their hospitable tables, in the midst of a repast, they failed not to drain a *middle cup*. Let us imitate them in their wisdom. Copying their habits, we pave the way for social regeneration!"

Nicholas resumed his seat, when his *maitre d'hotel* presented upon a silver salver to each of his guests, not excepting even Marguerite, a Venetian glass filled with absinthe.

"To the perpetuation of old customs!" said the retired cork-manufacturer, draining his glass at a gulp.

Thus did the worthy fellow understand social regeneration. Paul and Lebel-Girard smiled, and contented themselves with moistening their lips with the emerald-colored beverage, which Marguerite took pains simply to touch.

The dessert arrived, and with it coffee, to which the master of the house added liquors in such infinite varieties that, upon leaving the table, he was not to say inebriated, but more animated than rational, while his countenance, habitually colored, glowed with a violet tinge, prophetic of imminent apoplexy.

The upholsterer took De Nancey by the arm, and addressed him in a whisper:

"Have I deceived you? Look at the good fellow. He certainly cannot last long. He is absolutely a most desirable father-in-law. Pass into the parlor, where I will contrive to leave you alone, and then make your declaration. This marriage must come to pass before another flow of blood to his head, which may happen from hour to hour."

They quitted the dining-room. Nicholas staggered, decidedly. Marguerite appeared neither surprised nor uneasy at his condition. Undoubtedly, she had become habituated to it.

The glazed doors of the parlor, thrown open, afforded entrance to the fresh air from the park. Night had fallen. The moon, at full, was emerging above the horizon behind the tall trees, flooding the greensward with a silvery light. Girard led aside the young lady, and the Count discovered himself, not wholly unembarrassed, face to face with Bouchard, whose boisterous breathing announced a painful digestion.

"How to broach the subject?" meditated Paul. "Is my destined father-in-law in a condition to understand me?"

His embarrassment and hesitation were of short duration. The fine wines, chambertin, absinthe and liquors had moved the ex-cork-maker to tenderness. He advanced towards the young man, not without gyrations, and, compressing his hands within his own, stammered in a paternal tone of voice words interrupted by frequent hiccups:

"Count, or rather my child—my dear child—if you allow so near a term, have you aught to say to me? Speak fearlessly. Open your heart; it is a father listening to you—and from heaven on high the great Constable hears you."

To this pathetic invocation, evidently prepared since morning, like all his important discourses, Paul responded:

"I am sincerely touched, sir, by your graciousness and encouragement; still, can you not read my heart as well as myself, and divine that which I am burning to express?"

"What if I do not divine it?" responded Nicholas Bouchard. "Can I not learn it, my dear Count, better from your own lips? Come, unbosom yourself all the same, although I know what's coming."

"Well!" exclaimed Paul, "I have been unable to see Mademoiselle Marguerite without loving her."

"Ah! ah! my fine fellow!" interrupted the worthy Bouchard, with a hearty laugh, "presto! you have a fine taste! My little Margot is a perfect treasure! I sometimes call her Margot in honor of the queen by the same name, who had a kindly feeling for one of my ancestors."

"And," continued De Nancey, "I claim the honor of asking her hand."

"I bestow it upon you," replied Nicholas. "To my arms, my son-in-law!"

Paul passively obeyed this invitation; then, after a hearty accolade, the master of the house resumed:

"Do not accuse me of acting frivolously. I am well informed, that I am! In the first place, personally you pleased me greatly, and that is but one reason. I could have found you perfection, and could have replied: 'Touch her not! You cannot have my daughter.' That which decides me, see you, is that there was in Palestine a Baron de Nancey attached to the person of his Majesty Louis IX., ordinarily known as Saint Louis. Your escutcheon is emblazoned azure, with numberless stars. I have longed to view it with my own eyes in the Hall of the Crusaders, and I have done so. I was at Versailles this morning expressly for that purpose. It is impossible for my daughter not to be happy beneath that blazonment. Hence I give her to you. Take her! Lebel-Girard has concealed nothing from me. You are in debt. So much the better. It is a sign of pure blood! We will pay your debts, and the descendant of the Constable will bring you in her petticoat more crowns than will be needed to close up holes and all manner of breeches. Now I will call Marguerite and announce to the little darling that within fifteen days she will be Countess —"

Nicholas Bouchard was advancing towards one of the glass doors with a tread rendered more unsteady from this outburst of his eloquence, when Paul stopped him.

"I pray you, my dear sir," he said, "do nothing —"

"Ah, bah! and why not?"

"For reasons to you apparently foolish. I do not desire Mademoiselle Marguerite to regard me as yet as her official betrothed. Now that I have the joyful honor of being accepted by you, permit me to attempt pleasing her whom I adore. Allow me to pay court to her, and, after having obtained her from you, permit me to endeavor to win her from herself."

"Charming! charming!" stammered Nicholas, rubbing his hands—"delicious, upon my honor! By the faith of a knight, it is a refinement worthy of chivalry! I will say nothing to Marguerite. You have a carte-blanche, and the house is open to you! Pay your court, my dear Count, pay your court! Only hurry about it, for to please and to marry I only allow fifteen days, which is fifteen times longer than is needed by a knight of your worth, and who bears azure, with numberless stars."

The conversation was at this point when Lebel-Girard reappeared with Marguerite. At a first glance the upholsterer recognized the two conversationalists to have harmonized, and, conceiving his bill as good as liquidated, congratulated himself warmly.

An hour subsequently, De Nancey reascended into his carriage with his improvised matrimonial agent, and resumed his route for Paris, after having deposited upon Marguerite's trembling hand a kiss replete with eloquence.

"Well?" anxiously inquired the upholsterer when the brilliant equipage resumed motion.

"All is arranged," responded Paul. "I marry Marguerite within fifteen days."

"And you love her?"

"I adore her!"

"And I gave her to him," thought Lebel-Girard to himself as he scratched an ear. "By right I should claim a bonus! Well, I'll ponder over it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"DR." GILBERT R. SPALDING,

whose portrait appears on this page and whose death is recorded in our circus department, was born sixty-eight years ago in Coeymans, Albany County, N. Y., and the title of "Doctor" was generally prefixed to his name by his friends and acquaintances because, from about 1840 to 1845, he kept a drug-store at the corner of Lydius and Pearl streets, in Albany. The cause of his entering the show business was the loaning of some money to Sam Nichols, a well-known circus-manager, who gave him for security a mortgage upon his circus property. Bad business prevented Mr. Nichols from repaying the money at the time specified, and Dr. Spalding foreclosed the mortgage, but permitted Mr. Nichols to run the show. Finding, however, that by pursuing such a course he was not likely to speedily recover his money, he personally visited the circus with the intention of running it into Albany, and there disposing of the property by auction or private sale. Before reaching Albany he discovered that under his energetic management the show was making money, and, as he liked the business, he determined to continue in the management for a time, at least—that time extended over a period of thirty years. The show was known as Spalding's North American Circus. In the season of 1847-8 he visited New Orleans, La., and, coming North, upon reaching St. Louis, Mo., he divided his company into two shows, retaining the original title and management of one, and putting Dan Rice at the head of the other, with Col. Van Orden (Dr. Spalding's brother-in-law) as manager. He chartered a steamboat called the Allegheny Mail, and in it the last-named company cruised on the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi Rivers. Among the performers of this company were Dan Rice, clown; Frank Rosston, H. P. Madigan, Burnell Runnells and family, Mons. La Thorne, W. B. Burnish, John Glenroy, Thomas Osborne, Hiram Day and others. In the Fall of 1848 Dr. Spalding sold to Charles J. Rogers one-half of the North American Circus, and the following Spring the show started on the road newly organized and equipped. Among the novel features then presented for the first time were the Appolonicon, drawn by forty horses, four abreast, and driven by one man; tableaux portraying incidents from the lives of Gen. Putnam and "Mad" Anthony Wayne; and the carrying of a horse and rider on men's shoulders. The Dan Rice Show in the Winter of 1848-9, while travelling in the South, were compelled to disband owing to the fearful ravages of cholera. In the Spring of 1849 Dr. Spalding again started Dan Rice at the head of what may be termed in this connection a land show, traveling by wagons. In the Fall of the year, in settling up the business, the entire show reverted to Dr. Spalding. The Spalding & Rogers North American Circus continued its travels, meeting with success, and in 1850, during the first tour through New England, Dr. Spalding invented and used the quarter-poles, eleven-tier seats and extra front seats, now in general use by all circus companies. A year or two later, in the West, Spalding & Rogers built the Floating Palace (upon which entertainments were given on the Western rivers) and the steamboats James Raymond, Banjo and Gazelle, and also purchased the Jenny Lind, Allegheny Mail, Loyal Hanna, North River and Fairy, all being used in conducting their business. In 1856 Spalding, Rogers & Bidwell (David Bidwell having previously been taken into copartnership) took a ten years' lease of the Pelican Theatre, New Orleans, La., reconstructed it and fitted it up in excellent style, so that it could be used for either a circus or a theatre. It was christened Spalding & Rogers' Amphitheatre, which title some years later was changed to that of the Academy of Music, which it still retains. It has undergone several reconstructions, is now a very beautiful theatre, and is owned and managed by David Bidwell. During the next few years Spalding & Rogers had two and sometimes three companies touring this country and Canada, traveling by railroads, wagons and water. In 1860 they put a circus and dramatic company into the Bowery Theatre, this city, and produced equestrian dramas in spectacular style, and from there they transferred their entire forces to the Boston (Mass.) Theatre (then known as the Academy of Music), where they played a highly successful engagement of some weeks' duration. In the Spring of 1862 a magnificent portable amphitheatre was constructed upon an entirely new plan, the brigantine Hannah was purchased and fitted with accommodations for a circus company, and the next two years were passed in Brazil, Uraguay, Buenos Ayres and the West Indies. On the return voyage the vessel was wrecked at Long Branch, N. J., the people and horses, together with some of the baggage, being saved, but the amphitheatre, wardrobe, properties and vessel were lost. Notwithstanding this disaster, the venture was a great financial success, and it is said that more honors were bestowed upon the company than had been received by any other similar troupe in a foreign land. In 1865 Spalding & Rogers dissolved partnership, and Mr. Rogers retired from professional life, and has since resided near Philadelphia, Pa. The copartnership between Spalding & Bidwell continued, and shortly afterwards they leased and rebuilt the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo. Having already the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., they leased theatres in Mobile, Ala., and Memphis, Tenn., and established a theatrical circuit, which they conducted successfully for a few seasons. Thomas B. MacDonough being associated with them in a managerial capacity, and the firm-title being Spalding, Bidwell & MacDonough. In 1867 a scheme was devised to send an American circus company to Paris, France, to perform during the Exposition. The managers and capitalists were Avery Smith, Gerard C. Quick, John J. Nathans, Dr. G. R. Spalding and David Bidwell. An edifice in which they were to have performed was built for the purpose by Mr. Kennedy of Albany, N. Y. It was of wood, with a canvas top, and had the following capacity: Forty-four private-boxes, besides an imperial *loge*, seven hundred and sixty parquet-seats, fourteen hundred and twenty balcony seats, and a gallery capable of accommodating nearly two thousand persons, the seats being all cane-bottom chairs. Col. Van Orden had been sent in advance to Paris to prepare the way for the company, which was very strong. The chief attractions, according to the files of THE CLIPPER, included James Robinson and his son Clarence, Frank Pastor, Robert Stickney, G. M. Kelly, Lorenzo Maya, the Rollande Brothers, Wm. Conrad, Charles Rivers, the performing horse Hiram, a performing buffalo, and a troupe of Indians. Most of the company and all the stock, consisting of twenty-three horses, two mules, and a buffalo, also four horses belonging to James Robinson, left New York in the steamship Guiding Star March 30, 1867, David Bidwell and Gerard C. Quick accompanying them. The other performers followed in steamships that sailed at later dates. After arriving in Paris, and when nearly all the preparations for their showing had been made, it was discovered that a local law prevented the erection of any wooden building within the city limits; consequently they could not use their pavilion, and, all other places being engaged, the venture was about to end in failure, when fortunately opportunity was given the American company to play for a brief time, but the result was not what had been expected. In 1872 Dr. Spalding again put Dan Rice on the road with a show managed by Harry W. Spalding, who was dangerously wounded by a pistol shot in Baxter Springs, Kas., which was probably the remote cause of his death, which took place at his father's residence in Saugerties, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1874. Dr. Spalding's last venture, we believe, in the circus business, was during the tenting season of 1875, when he was the principal backer of Melville, Magnley & Cooke's Centennial Circus and Thespian Company. Spalding & Bidwell dissolved copartnership some few years ago, and in the division of the property David Bidwell retained the Academy of Music, New Orleans, and Dr. Spalding the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, which has been successfully managed by his son Charles for a few years past. Spalding & Bidwell had recently formed what may be considered a new copartnership, as a few weeks ago they purchased the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La., which they intended to restore to its previous position of a first-class theatre. The deceased left a widow and one son, Charles. Besides Harry W., whose death is referred to above, there had been a daughter, who died, when quite young, in 1847. Dr. Spalding's remains will be brought from New Orleans, to Saugerties, and will probably be buried in his native town.

THE CRITIC'S PEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY OSCAR R. BEERS.

A little violet, blossoming,
Half-hidden 'neath a thrifty weed,
Did seem to me as struggling
From such a shelter to be freed.
Ah me! I thought how very true—
So like a genius it did seem—
A hidden sweet, if brought to view,
Might win for it the world's esteem.
Then, stooping down, I plucked the herb,
And pushed aside the blades of grass,
But left the violet undisturbed,
To kiss the zephyrs as they passed.

Next morn I wandered there again.
Alas! the cruel wreck I found!
Someone had cut the stem in twain,
And torn the roots from out the ground.
I lingered but a moment there
Where yesterday my violet grew,
So sweet, so tender, and so fair,
That God had given me to view.
And so, I thought, how true, indeed,
The human race like violets seem;
If from obscurity they're freed,
They wreck not danger lurks unseen.

* * * * * * *

Ah! actresses, and actors, too,
My flower's fate you must divide,
Because half-hidden ones you grew,
Till someone pushed the weeds aside.
Then came the critic's crushing pen,
Where you, just blossoming, were found:
They broke your glory from the stem,
And dashed your castles to the ground.

Newark, 1880.

RECIPES

FOR MAKING CHEAP VARIETY PERFORMERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY JOHN H. BYRNE.

STRAIGHT MEN.—One old-man wig, an old morning-gown and a cane.

COMEDIAN (for the season).—One close-crop wig, one fright-wig, an old pair of pants abundantly patched, old vest and coat, and an old hat of any description. All of the above pieces of wardrobe must be as dirty as possible, to create a laugh.

ENDMEN.—The usual apology for an evening suit—swallow-tailed coat, diagonal vest, any kind of pants, so long as they are not black; and the following remark after the lady vocalist has finished her ballad: "Say, Mr. Chesterfield, that's a nice song. Did you ever see my girl? Oh, she is a darling, you bet she is. S-a-y, I got a conundrum for you. Why am I like a bottle of beer? *Answer.*—Because I'm corked up."

BANJO-SOLOISTS.—An ordinary pair of pants of any description, a coat of sufficient length in the tails to mop up the floor of the stage, red vest, old white hat, shoes large enough to cover a coal-hole if necessary, and a very cheap banjo. After going through the usual business of sliding foot across the seat of the chair, then dusting it off with coat-tails, they proceed to tune up; and while doing so they inform you of the fact that they will sing a new song, written for them by a Comanche in Italian, and vocalized by a Zulu in Constantinople, entitled "The Girl with the Red-headed Hair."

SONG-AND-DANCE ARTISTS.—Any kind of attire for the pedal extremities, from a pair of black tights to a pair of pants with material enough in them to make a bed-tick, and an old "ping" hat to kick—though they don't "kick" half so loud on the stage as they do at the boarding-house if they don't get turkey, pie, ice-cream and raisins seven times a week for five dollars.

SKETCH ARTISTS.—Characters: one male one female. The female is a stage-struck maiden who aspires to do Juliet or "I hope I don't intrude." (But she does intrude, and should have stayed at her old position of cook and dish-polisher at the Gilly House.) The gentleman is a house-servant of a sable complexion, and is dressed in the way that all house-servants are—a huge pair of plantation shoes, and an extravagant pair of pants made of calico or bed-ticking. They tell several conundrums and jokes, sing a medley and —— Then comes the best part of the act—the scenes close in on them, and out comes the ——

MOTTO VOCALIST.—He is gotten up regardless of expense, in full evening-dress, white collar, white necktie, white cuffs, white gloves, and—and white—white—paper bosom. He sings, with a strong nasal twang, that he is "Something in the City," and you think he is—a vagrant, and should get eleven months and thirty-one days on the Isle de Blackwell.

SERIO-COMICS.—A thing of the past. How they are made nowadays: Take a woman, give her a satin dress (made of silicia, six cents per yard), one box of powder, one box of rouge, a satchel to carry make-up to the theatre, and a towel to put her dress in—she never has a hall-trunk. That is her wardrobe. This is her repertory: One medley—"The Babies on Our Block," and an imitation of Pat Roo

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

LITERAL, Philadelphia.—To make a player show his whole hand in justification of having opened a jack-pot that has been resigned to him is subversive of poker-law that has been recognized for a century. The new ruling is within the book you quote, and is their "the later decision." No one can demand to be shown cards that he has not paid to have shown him. Everybody has beforehand paid to see the cards on which a jack-pot has been opened—that is, he has paid to see two jacks or two aces, or even two deuces and paid to see two jacks or two aces and two jacks. It is by virtue of this payment that the general law of poker-law that a hand not "called" cannot be seen is departed from. Such departure is necessary to the integrity of the jack-pot. Your partner is necessary to the integrity of the jack-pot. Your partner is necessary to the integrity of the jack-pot. Your argument that the opener should be made to show his whole hand because he might hold five deuces or five jacks applies with no more force to an uncalled hand that opened a jack-pot than to an uncalled hand in which there is no jack-pot.

A, B, C AND D., New Orleans.—You having made the trump, A could not go alone—at least he could not go alone and gain anything by it; and if you can show, which we doubt, that his making three tricks was anything but done to his partner's not having played with him, you are entitled to partner's not having played with him, you are entitled to score one point, instead of his scoring two for a euchre. But it will not do to assume that A's partner would have led a certain card. It is sounder to assume that what a player can accomplish without his partner he could have accomplished with him. A is wrong in saying that if your side had made three tricks you would have been entitled to two points. It would have counted you but one. On the same principle, it would have counted him but two had he made all five tricks—or no more and no less than if his partner had went along with him.

R., Waverly.—It makes no difference to the loser of the four games, or to the proprietor, whether the loser pays forty cents out of his pocket or thirty cents out of his pocket along with his four checks, which the proprietor is bound to redeem at two and a half cents apiece. We cannot understand why there should be any dispute about this, nor why you should ask us if, after the loser had paid in checks for one-fourth of the games and cash for the remainder, the player was to "throw, get a checkcash for last game." Having already got four checks each, they had already all that were due them, if but four games were played. The fact that the game was pinpool cannot alter this.

C. S., Co. B.—1. There will always be quite a division of opinion upon that subject. We never give the circulations of newspapers, nor any idea as to which has the largest. As to which six papers have the largest, the question is evidently based upon the erroneous belief that the circulations of leading papers are permanent, whereas they are extremely fluctuating in the course of a year. 2. Please state what kind of games. If rules of most games are wanted, get "American Hoyle."

WATERBURY.—No matter what had been his right to it, A could not return after leaving the place and claim the money he had allowed his opponent to take. The fact that he had allowed B to take it shows that he would have claimed it if he had been in B's place. In other words, it showed that he believed B had won it. His subsequent claim suggests that someone outside had told him that he had won. This will not do. B was playing A alone, not A and someone else.

J. D., Chicago.—A left-handed billiard-player should play the spot-stroke from the right-hand side of the white ball's spot, and a right-handed player should take the opposite side. But if he never plays anything but cushion-caroms, it makes no ultimate difference which side he plays from, although the chances are that a player's peculiarity of accomplishment he should always play it from the one side.

KEBER HOUSE, Cincinnati.—1. If the authority chosen declines to decide it the bettors do not agree to a new reference, the wager will have to be drawn. 2. Like any other book that is published, and even like the Cincinnati Journal that has declined to act, it is an authority only for those who accept it as one.

R. R. R., Erie.—B's card having been exposed in the draw by the dealer, B is to be given the top card on the deck. He is not to wait until the others are served. He is entitled to the first live card following the last one he got. The exposed card is not a part of the pack for that deal. It is as dead as if it were an eleven-spot.

CHARLES AND GEORGE, New Orleans.—F is right in betting that two pairs of any kind beat three of the same kind at poker-dice," and F is right in betting that "five deuces beat four aces." Both are betting on virtually the same thing, according to the statement submitted, which has probably caused something acomin'.

T. H. G.—We regret it, but in the limited time at command we have been unable to find out the location of a meeting-room in this city of the Improved Order of Red Men. Probably some one of our readers will send it to us in time for next issue. Meantime you might call at the large hall corner of Centre and Grand streets.

E. K., Montgomery.—The bet who is decided by the fact of its raining or not raining in Montgomery, Ala., and regardless of any other place. That no other place was mentioned is the strongest kind of presumption that Montgomery was meant.

M. O. G., Nashua.—Nicholas Murphy won the first prize, $5,000 and the O'Leary belt, in the six-day race at Madison-square Garden, this city, Oct. 6 to 11, 1879. The gate-money was not divided among the contestants, the cash-prizes being $5,000, $2,500, $1,000 and $500.

REMINGTON CONGAR, Fulton.—1. Under the circumstances the referee was right in so deciding, and in any case his decision will stand. It would be folly for the ball-fall counts unless one of the contestants is thrown fairly upon his back.

T. J. SMITH, Columbia.—W. E. Graham did not compete against J. B. Clark, who is an amateur and does not walk for money, at Madison-square Garden, this city, Sept. 29, 1879; nor did Miss Bertha Marshall ever contend in a race here.

F. W. GOTOBED AND TOM MCALPINE, Grass Valley.—1. Such a blow as you describe should not be considered a foul. 2. A referee should not give a decision until appealed to by one or the other of the umpires appointed to look after the interests of the principals.

CAPE.—Christian Faber was not a contestant in the second race for the Astley belt in Madison-square Garden, Sept. 22 to 27, 1879, at which was won by Rowell, with Merritt second and Hazael third.

S. G. R., Brooklyn.—The steamboat J. B. Schuyler last week began running between Baltimore and Richmond, taking Norfolk in on the route. It is not at all likely that she will run to Coney Island this Summer.

J. J., Boston.—Are you not a little modern horse-car, it was introduced in this country about 1859-60, in New Orleans. Passengers were drawn in cars by horses twenty years or more before that.

GREENWOOD, Boston.—He had nothing to do with the management of the O'Leary-belt race last week. He entered a man for the contest and attended to him on the track.

J. S. C., Baltimore.—1. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for records. 2. The departments of the principal cities use machines by the same manufacturers, we believe, and superiority depends upon size and power.

BLACK CATS, Fort Stevenson.—Subscription expires with No. 5, Vol. 28. 2. The breadth of Broadway, this city, opposite Metropolitan Hotel, is from curb to curb 45ft.; from building to building, 80ft. 4in.

WATERLEY.—A won the game. He could not call the game on his three tricks, even if calling game is necessary, inasmuch as possibly he could not know whether his trump was high or not.

JAMES WALTON, Toronto.—1. The lady has no authentic record for such a performance. 2. It is customary, but not compulsory, that the performer should start at the commencement of each quarter-hour.

J. O. C., Troy.—James Elliott was born in Athlone, Ireland, Sept. 12, 1844, stands 5ft. 11in. in height, and he used to fight at 160lb.

E. F. S., Blower Brown did not, while in this country, start in any other six-day race (142 hours) than that for the O'Leary belt.

HUFFY.—Frank Hart made 540¾ miles when he won the race for the Rose Belt at Madison-square Garden last December.

LYONS, Boston.—The referee informs us that Dufur acted more on the defensive than his opponent did. We were not present at the contest.

FRED WRIGHT, Mobile.—It would be decidedly against the cade-rules to play such tenth man, but we have advocated it as a rule of the game.

J. H. STOCKTON.—If five are counted for the highest trump at forty-five, he who plays the five-fingers at any time that he has but ten to go can claim out.

J. S. BARTON, San Francisco.—1. If the time was officially taken and announced as given in the paper forwarded, it constitutes a record; but we do not believe it was so taken.

OLD READER, Wilmington.—1. Five-pound notes are the lowest denomination issued by the Bank of England. 2. Good Friday is not a universal holiday.

A. AND C., Prescott.—Repeat your question, if you are sure it has not been answered. Duplicate it as nearly as possible.

OLD READER, Jersey City.—You will find the population of France, Austria and other countries in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1880.

HOLYOKE.—The game being fifteen-ball pool, you could push the cue-ball against the object-ball and squeeze the latter into the pocket.

JONES, Hot Springs.—At whiskey-poker any player can knock who has not just drawn. B could close the game at once.

BRADOR AND OTHERS, Brooklyn.—Unless it is specially agreed to play straight-flushes, the best hand that can be held at poker is one containing four aces.

R. V., Norway.—We do not know of any. No one could win it, were any prize offered for the true solution of the Gem Puzzle.

GREENWOOD LAKE.—The split is the half of the difference between five dollars and twenty-five. A is to pay B ten dollars.

INDICATOR.—If of the two men named, O'Leary is the better heel-and-toe walker. 2. See answers in dramatic column.

WM. SEXTON, Rock Island.—1. Blower Brown's best record for four-days' go-as-you-please racing (96 hours) is 405 miles (with rests). 2. Yes.

DON, St. Louis.—A player who holds jacks or better is not obliged to open a jack-pot in most coteries, although in some he is. He ought not to be in any.

MINNEAPOLIS.—He who makes the trump and has the lead can lead whatever he pleases.

MCN., Wallingford.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1880 for fastest times.

AUTHENTIC RECORD, Toronto.—See reply to James Walton.

BOZ, Brooklyn.—Yes; it was published, but the papers are out of print.

J. E. T., Philadelphia.—We have none so far back as that.

F. H. B., Altoona.—Address Smith, 9 Merrill Court, Lowell, Mass.

P. G.—It was published in THE CLIPPER dated July 14, 1877.

A READER, Baltimore.—We do not know who makes beef-skewers.

EXCELSIOR, Rochester.—The newcomer should have been informed that the party were playing straights.

J. B. T., Charleston.—We cannot inform you as to the origin of the tallest man in the German Army.

T. F. H., Long Island City.—Iona Island is on the left-hand side of the Hudson River, going up.

W. L. P., Breckenridge.—Three fours and two fives beat three aces and deuces as any kind of poker.

R. W. HAM, Homesdale.—Apply to the Pope Manufacturing Company, 87 Summer-street, Boston, Mass.

CHAS. LEE.—You can get the dating stamp of Scott & Co., 291 Broadway, New York.

CHARLEY, Centreville.—We must decline to settle bets when they refer to our private business.

J. E. W., Middletown.—We know nothing about Chicago poolsellers.

F. AND N., Marlboro.—Tom Sayers' arm was not broken in his fight with Heenan.

FOLSOM MARTIN.—We have no record of a man of that name engaging in a ring fight.

JAMES DENBIGH, Brooklyn.—Write to *The Sporting Life*' Fleet street, London, Eng.

J. H., Brooklyn.—The Staten Island Quarantine riot occurred in September, 1857.

P. H. T., Washington.—It was on Dec. 30, 1851, that Kossuth arrived in your city.

E. H. B., Cleveland.—The London *Punch* was founded in 1841.

N. G. S., Reading.—His name does not appear among the card-dealers in the business directory.

H. DEACON, Phila.—We have not heard that a revised edition has been issued.

AJAX, Cobourg.—We have no right to answer the question without Mr. Stephens' permission.

W. SMITH.—J. B. Clark has walked twenty-five miles in 4h. 3m. 35s.

WASHINGTON.—The wording of the bet makes R. R. winner.

J. O'N., Philadelphia.—Dominick Bradley and Sam Rankin fought on Aug. 1, 1857.

W. N. R.—His imprisonment while a minor should not affect his citizenship, we should say.

OLD RYE, Salem.—Any player in a game in which cutting is permissible can insist upon the cards being cut.

MARBLEHEAD.—To point not use a card on the board for the purpose of building on A's pile.

VERITAS.—See report of O'Leary belt race in this issue.

JAMES HALL, Erie.—See tables in CLIPPER ALMANAC.

BERNARD.—He must deal to all the players alike.

J. M. K., Louisville.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

H. H., Schenectady.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. FORD.—1. Out of print. 2. About sixty cents.

T. J. S., Columbia.—He is the same individual.

F. F., Le Seur.—We have not.

DIXIE.—It has been sent for.

IF ANY West Point cadet were guilty of slitting the ears of Whitaker, familiarity with that sort of work would throw suspicion on one of the members from Ohio.

IF MIRAMON AND AMBRE don't wear any more clothes than most opera-singers do, it seems to us that a dressing-room might be dispensed with altogether.

OF THE MANY who fell by the wayside at the recent go-as-you-please at Madison-square Garden, nearly all were victims of Hart disease.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALDRICH, Herman D.—A well-known resident of this city. He was for many years the business partner of Robert H. McCurdy (whose death is elsewhere mentioned). Born in adjoining States at about the same time, they first met in this city as boys; commenced their battle of life together under the same employer; ultimately became partners in business, as well as intimate friends; lived side by side for many years after retiring from active life; and finally died on the same day and of the same malady. Aldrich had long been known as a liberal supporter of all charitable projects, and he was one of the earliest and most constant contributors to St. Luke's Hospital—here, April 5, aged 79.

BUTLER, William—A veteran of the War of 1812—Circleville, O., April 7, aged 90.

BEST, John—Said to be the oldest Mason in the United States. His Masonic life covered a period of seventy-seven years—New Concord, O., April 3.

BARTHOLOMEW, Miss Elizabeth—A centenarian. She was born in Baden, Germany, and came to this country when about eight years old. Her husband died about fifty years ago, and she left three children, ten grandchildren and one great-grandchild. She retained all her faculties up to within two or three weeks ago—Philadelphia, April 6, aged 101.

CARSON, Alfred—Well known for his long connection with the Volunteer Fire Department of this city, having held the post of assistant-engineer for twelve years, and he was then appointed chief-engineer. For the past eight years he had been acting as fire-surveyor for a city insurance company—Jersey City, N. J., April 7.

COLLINS, Enoch—One of the leading and wealthiest citizens of Hartford, Ct., where he was a director of many corporations, both financial and philanthropic—Hartford, April 7.

CAMPBELL, James—An old and well-known citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was formerly a police-captain—there, April 5, aged 78.

DANIELS, Wesley—An old settler of Fayetteville, Ind.—there, April 5, aged 83.

EICHELBERGER, T. W.—Editor of *The* (Iowa) *State Register*—Des Moines, Ia., April 4, aged 35.

FREEMAN, Dr. Warren—An old homeopathic physician of this city, where he had practiced for the last twenty-five years—here, April 6, aged 65.

FISHER, R. S.—A prominent citizen of Union City, Ind., where he was cashier of the Commercial Bank—there, April 8.

GOUVERNEUR, Samuel L.—A well-known citizen of Washington, D. C. He was the grandson of President Monroe, and entered the United States army in early life, and served as an officer of infantry in Mexico. In 1846 he resigned and entered the Third Auditor's office, and was afterwards appointed Consul to one of the China ports, where he remained till 1862. On his return to America he established *The Maryland Herald* at Frederick City, and removed to Washington about seven years ago.—Washington, April 5, aged 82.

GOULD, Joseph—An old merchant of Newark, N. J. He was formerly a resident of Michigan, and had served in the State Legislature.—Newark, N. J., April 6.

HUTTON, Rev. Mancius S.—A prominent preacher of the Reformed (Dutch) Church for nearly forty years. Since the dissolution of his pastorate in this city he had devoted himself to fulfilling the duties of trustee of Columbia College, as a director of the Bible Society, and as president of the Board of Education of the Reformed Church—here, April 11, aged 77.

HOWARD, William H.—Governor of Dakota—Washington, D. C., April 10.

HELMUTH, Dr. William S.—A prominent homœopathic physician of Philadelphia, who was also known as the establishment of the Hahnemann College of that city—Philadelphia, April 8, aged 79.

HYATT, George E. L.—A retired merchant of this city, who in anti-slavery times was a leading abolitionist—here, April 6, aged 65.

HAGNER, Henry—A well-known lawyer of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was secretary of the Brooklyn Law Library for the past thirty years—there, April 4, aged 56.

HATFIELD, Gilbert—One of the oldest residents of Hoboken, N. J.—there, April 8, aged 89.

MATHER, Asaph D.—A prominent citizen and banker of Utica, N. Y.—there, April 7, aged 57.

MARSHALL, John G.—A retired Judge, who was also widely known throughout British America as a voluminous writer on religion, temperance and politics—Halifax, N. S., April 6, aged 90.

MOORE, Elizabeth—A centenarian—Philadelphia, Pa., April 4, aged 102.

MCCURDY, Robert H.—A venerable and esteemed resident and retired merchant of this city, where he was prominent in many charitable movements, and connected with the management of many financial and benevolent institutions—here, April 5, aged 84.

NEWTON, Charles—One of the editors of *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, with which he had been connected for the past ten years as correspondent, political writer and managing editor—Cincinnati, O., April 6, aged 43.

PARRISH, Daniel—In former years a prominent merchant of this city. He retired from business many years ago, and was noted for his liberality to public and private charities—here, April 6, aged 84.

PAKINGTON, John Somerset—A member of the British Parliament for over forty years. In 1874 he was created Lord Hampton—London, Eng., cable dispatch dated April 9, aged 81.

REYNOLDS, General James L.—A prominent citizen of Lancaster, Pa. At the outbreak of the late war he entered the Union Army as a private. He served as Quartermaster-general of Pennsylvania under Governor Curtin. He was a leading member of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention of 1872—Philadelphia, April 5, aged 58.

SPALDING, G. R.—A well-known circus-manager (see elsewhere)—New York, April 6, aged 66.

SAYRE, Dr. Chas. H. H.—A well-known young physician of this city—here, April 11, aged 29.

SHORBRIDGE, Samuel—One of the oldest and most respected citizens of Philadelphia. He had served a term in the State Legislature in 1872—Lafayette, April 7, aged 80.

SAUNDERS, James Mowton—Engineer of the Gaslight Company of Baltimore, Md., for the past thirty-one years. He was for many years a director in the Maryland Institute and in the Maryland Horticultural Society—Baltimore, April 7, aged 64.

SCHENCK, J. R.—A well-known New Jersey journalist. He had been editor of several weekly journals in that State, including *The Ocean County Democrat*, upon which he was engaged at the time of his death—Flemington, N. J., April 5.

ST. JOHN, General Isaac Munroe—Mining-engineer of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and consulting-engineer of other roads. Prior to the late war he was connected with various railroads in the South, and he afterwards served in the Confederate Army as commissary-general —Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., April 7, aged 52.

THATCHER, Henry K.—Rear-admiral of the United States Navy on the retired list. He was born in Maine, and entered the navy March 4, 1823. During the Rebellion he did good service while in command of the Western Gulf Squadron. He was retired in 1866—Boston, Mass., April 5.

WEILAGE, John—Section of John (German Lutheran) Church, Baltimore, Md., for the past thirty-one years—Baltimore, April 9, aged 74.

YOUNG, Captain John H.—Shipping-commissioner at the port of Philadelphia. He had formerly commanded some of the largest merchant ships sailing out of that port —Philadelphia, April 5, aged 72.

ZEH, David—One of the oldest business-men of Albany, N. Y.—there, April 8, aged 78.

BILLIARDS.

SLOSSON vs. VIGNAUX.

The Surprise of the Year—Vignaux Ahead 175 on April 10 and 801 on April 11.

Whicever way the match ends that is now playing at Cremorne Hall, Paris, the American is a victim. It is not known to us how the match originated. It was a surprise to almost everybody, if not to everybody. It is known to us, however, that Slosson went abroad on insufficient information. Entertaining the highest possible opinion of Vignaux as a general player, inclusive of his being the best nurser away from the "rail" that this country ever saw, he yet believed him comparatively inexpert as a rail-player, and not capable of running more than three or four hundred even in practice. In this belief almost everybody else on this side of the Atlantic shared. No one can comprehend the "true inwardness" of rail-play who does not have it shown to him in detail, and a man of Vignaux's years would never pick it up simply by seeing it played. Fancying that he already knew all there is in billiards, he would conclude that it is merely delicacy and steadiness of touch that keeps the balls in position. Virtually, as we have many times before remarked, the "rail" is a trick. As a dispatch from Paris on the 5th inst. demonstrated, when it spoke of runs of from eight to eleven hundred having been made in practice by the French expert, Vignaux has mastered the trick. Just two weeks before, we had been informed that a player from America had in the Spring of 1879 gone into Vignaux's room and taught it him; but that he failed, because of it being the chief stock in trade of American players, there was nothing to be gained by an American in giving it away. There was another reason for not believing it, and that was that the time of being informed of it we had a letter from Paris, in which the writer spoke of having seen Vignaux make a run of less than 300 on his little 4½x9 table, in the course of which he kept on playing several times when it was impossible to practiced eye that he had not counted, and no fewer than six times he played on "frozen" balls. The cable-dispatch of last week showed that, if Vignaux did this, he did it for a purpose, as he had intended to do it in order to run as high as 300. It is now pretty evident that he has been practicing the "rail" ever since his eyes were first opened to it; and with a French professional, and with Vignaux more especially, practicing means playing 365 days in a year—before dinner and after dinner in a long game, with 365 short games as a nightcap every month in the year and every day in the week, Sunday being as busy a day as any of the others. It is still manifest, from the fact that Vignaux is the strong player that he is at an age far in advance of that at which American professionals lapse into obscurity, being succeeded by younger men. Slosson may think this match, while he can not enter into the playing of it with that confidence he would have possessed had he never heard of those long runs at Vignaux's, had he not been informed before he was to start from here, he might not have started. The time for him and Schaefer to have gone in quest of Vignaux was last year. Had they been in the places of Garnier and Daly, Vignaux would likely have been seen as early as in the little tournaments held in Paris a twelvemonth ago, as Schaefer's and Slosson's rail-play, so vastly superior to Daly's or Garnier's, would have stripped the French expert of confidence.

Since the foregoing was written the cable has forwarded the saliest points of the first night's play, and the bulk of the rail-work appears to have been done by Vignaux, runs of 60, 422, 185, 73 and 51 having been made by him in all, the 31 bringing him to the close 175 points ahead, with the balls still on the rail as a beginning for the second night's session of 800 points. These runs aggregate 771 points, thus leaving him but 29 for his remaining ten innings. Each player had fifteen innings, which makes the averages for the night 53 1-3 for Vignaux, and 41 2-3 for Slosson. The latter certainly did himself credit, considering that he is among a strange people. Both of his chief runs, 227 in the fifth and 292 in the ninth inning, were made after Vignaux had got his long lead by running 422 in the fourth inning. This run was ended by a foul, Slosson also claiming foul on Vignaux early in his run of 60, but it was not allowed. The only "freeze" appears to have been encountered by Slosson, who counted off spotted balls at his 286th shot, but made but one more. He seems to have never got the lead, as between his 227 and 292 (the rail coming to him in the latter at 27) Vignaux put in 185 in the seventh inning, having got the "rail" at 9. The contest did not begin until 8.45. The Collender table sent over in the same steamer that bore Slosson was used. Slosson also took out with him a set of Collender cushions for Vignaux to practice with. The players were to have tossed as to whether this set or that on the table should be used in the match, this being a stipulation made by Vignaux. The original programme has been returned to, and thus the entire 4,000 points will be played in five nights, instead of in four of 1,000 points apiece, as was intended a few weeks ago. There are two referees—Lucien Piot, named by Vignaux, and an American amateur who for the past dozen years has resided in Paris. No one here knows how it is designed to carry out this unusual feature, save that it was proposed that that player who should be first to reach 800 should name the referee for the last 80. Accordingly, Piot will be the referee at the close, and he referee at the beginning. This is also a peculiar arrangement insisted upon by Vignaux, it is understood. As in the nature of things Slosson should be at a disadvantage at the start, and therefore the unlikelier to reach 800 first, it is to be inferred that he would have given in his adhesion to this part of the programme could he have got a match without doing so. Jacques Gibelin was umpire for Vignaux. Slosson had to do his own umpiring. The attendance was excellent, but not sufficient to fill the hall. Among the spectators was the Prince of Wurtemburg. Al. Smith is betting on Slosson, and that alone ought to suffice to clip the wings of the American eagle. A dispatch to *The Herald* says that Smith laid 2,000 francs even up, as the game began, and that at the end of the third inning he bet 10,000 francs with M. Janowski. It was then that Slosson missed after making 24, and Vignaux ran his 422. In this city the betting, so far as pools were concerned, was two to one on Slosson before the game began, but there were no investments worth speaking of.

VIGNAUX DOES ALL THE PLAYING ON THE SECOND NIGHT.

The amateur, Mr. Thomas, was the referee on Sunday night, April 11. The game did not begin until twelve minutes of nine. Notwithstanding that Vignaux had the "rail" to start with, the balls having been placed in the position they occupied at the close of the first night's play, he was so unlucky as to make but 10, "freezing" and failing to make the spot-stroke, which Slosson had made twice, never missing it, the night before. The American did nothing to speak of, and in the sixth inning Vignaux, who meanwhile had been comparatively idle, ran 51 on the rail. A cipher from Slosson then followed, and Vignaux again rallied the balls. At 215 Slosson claimed "No count." Vignaux insisted that he had counted, but referee's decision was that there had been no carom. It was received with Vignaux's adherents with the strongest marks of disapprobation. It may be explained here that in France, where professionals are rarely be induced to cross cues, each being so jealous of his reputation that he is loth to jeopardize it even in what would here be called a mere exhibition game, the word of a professor of billiards, as he is called there, is never questioned. If he says he counted, it is taken for granted that he thought he did, and that settles it. Amusing instances of this occurred in the Sexton-Vignaux match. The latter thought it the proper thing, as he could not then work the "rail," to prevent Sexton's utilizing it; so, having in his last hours of practice indented the cloth all along the rail, he insisted that the match should be played by cloth only on the old cloth that had been used in practice, but also with the old balls, which were of course out of true; and the referee, a French professor, sustained Vignaux. Thus Sexton never got the chance to publicly show the "rail" then in its infancy, in the French capital. During the game Vignaux made more shots in the crotch than the rules permitted, and Sexton claimed foul. It was a question of arithmetical fact. Had the player made two shots in the crotch, or three? The decision of the referee was: "Mr. Vignaux says he hasn't made as many shots as Mr. Sexton says he has," and Vignaux continued playing. These incidents are recalled as suggesting that Mr. Thomas' decision was by no means wrong merely because it was greeted by hisses. In his ninth inning Slosson got the rail, but lost control of the balls at 10. Gathering them again, he made the run 123. Two innings later, Vignaux by the rail, aided by a few driving-shots, always his great excellence heretofore, ran 184; and in the next inning, after it made by open play, the rail-route was again open to him, and he kept the track until he had added 384 points to his string, making his total 1,000 to Slosson's 799, with the balls in the position akin to those of the pawnbroker's sign—three balls in a row. The contest did not begin until 8.45. The Collender table sent over in the same steamer that bore Slosson was used. Slosson also took out with him a set of Collender cushions for Vignaux to practice with. The players were to have tossed as to whether this set or that on the table should be used in the match, this being a stipulation made by Vignaux. The original programme has been returned to, and thus the entire 4,000 points will be played in five nights, instead of in four of 1,000 points apiece, as was intended a few weeks ago. There are two referees—Lucien Piot, named by Vignaux, and an American amateur who for the past dozen years has resided in Paris. No one here knows how it is designed to carry out this unusual feature, save that it was proposed that that player who should be first to reach 800 should name the referee for the last 80. Accordingly, Piot will be the referee at the close, and he referee at the beginning. This is also a peculiar arrangement insisted upon by Vignaux, it is understood. As in the nature of things Slosson should be at a disadvantage at the start, and therefore the unlikelier to reach 800 first, it is to be inferred that he would have given in his adhesion to this part of the programme could he have got a match without doing so. Jacques Gibelin was umpire for Vignaux. Slosson had to do his own umpiring. The attendance was excellent, but not sufficient to fill the hall. Among the spectators was the Prince of Wurtemburg. Al. Smith is betting on Slosson, and that alone ought to suffice to clip the wings of the American eagle. A dispatch to *The Herald* says that Smith laid 2,000 francs even up, as the game began, and that at the end of the third inning he bet 10,000 francs with M. Janowski. It was then that Slosson missed after making 24, and Vignaux ran his 422. In this city the betting, so far as pools were concerned, was two to one on Slosson before the game began, but there were no investments worth speaking of.

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